

55 Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle.
Then he pushed the rifle slowly upwards over the parapet, until the
cap was visible from the opposite side of the street.
Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the
60 centre of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap
slipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle,
the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang,
lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street.
Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hands with him.
Crawling quickly to the left, he peered up at the corner of the
65 roof. His ruse had succeeded. That other sniper, seeing the cap and
rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing
before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly
silhouetted against the western sky.
The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge
70 of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards – a hard shot in
the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand de-
vils. He took steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing
his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and
fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with
75 the recoil.
Then when the smoke cleared he peered across and uttered a cry of
joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his
death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling
forward, as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the
80 parapet, fell over and then clattered on to the pavement.
Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The
body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull
thud. Then it lay still.
The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust
85 of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood
out on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day
of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of
the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began
to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing
90 everybody.
He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company comman-
der, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much dan-
ger in going through the streets.
When the sniper reached the street, he felt a sudden curiosity as
95 to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He wondered
did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the
split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at
him. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but
around here all was quiet.
100 The sniper darted across the street. A machine-gun tore up the
ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw
himself face downwards beside the corpse. The machine-gun stopped.
Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his
brother's face.

(about 1120 words)